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MIND HARVEST

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MIND HARVEST

Avila College
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Every moment of life is an experience, and for every experience a seed is planted in the mind's garden. The seeds grow to become individual beliefs, ideals, and philosophys. This book is meant to be an expression of the fruits those seeds have born—a **MIND HARVEST**.

DENNIS GIBSON
EDITOR

HAIKU

A tragic mistake
crushes her sweet innocence,
rips into her heart.

Tears into her mind,
cruelly alters her life,
robs her of her love.

..Forlorn feelings now;
weight of the burden is great
when purity dies.

Doris Davis

AN UNDERSTANDING

Approaching life with patience
Growing up at last
Facing loss or sadness
Knowing it will pass.

The pains are not as deep now
I've felt them all before
Funny how the joys though
Seem new for evermore.

Barbara A. Baker

THE LAST CAPSULE RIDE—FEBRUARY 16, 1973

There's Columbia and I'm halfway home. This Greyhound bus seems to be taking me on a journey through time and space rather than across the state of Missouri. Missouri is shrouded with darkness, hiding as I pass through. I know it's there and I feel strangely comfortable gliding through, and at ease with the forty strangers. It's as if they knew I was not on Highway 70, but in a capsule passing through life. The life is not mine, though it has touched me.

My grandmother is probably passing through life in a shrouded capsule right now. I doubt that her capsule has upholstered, reclining seats. Hers rolls up and down and is upholstered with white sheets. Her shroud is of sedatives, weakness, and pain.

I hope my grandma is enjoying her trip. I hope she's remembering all of the people and places she's told me about over our morning cup of coffee. I hope she smiles when she remembers her honeymoon trip on the back of a motorcycle. I want her to remember the Syrian peddler who fell in love with her when she was nineteen. I want her to remember how dirty my father used to get his wet diapers crawling around in the dirt. I want her to remember my grandpa, whom she loved so much. I want her to sigh with pride as she remembers how hard it was, and how she made it through seventy-eight years. I want her to remember our coffee in the mornings.

If things pass as they should that capsule will lift off the bed and take her through time and space with a little smile on her face as she remembers all the pleasantries and "not-so-pleasantries" for the last time. Maybe I can do this much for her. If her capsule ride is bumpy and she forgets to remember; I have done it for her, and it will be remembered.

Mrs. Florence B. Tesdall
Born—1894
Died—February 18, 1973

MARY T. TESDALL

A TIME TO CRY

I listen with my left ear.
I hear a far off struggle of a gasp—then a wailing cry.
I am born.

I listen with my right ear.
I hear a faint, slight moaning of a gasp—then another's cry.
I have died.

Before me now she stands.
She is here between my beginning and my end. For the moment she is my life.
Why does she cry?

Dennis Gibson

BURNOUT

Our blaze calmed to a flame burned to a flicker died to a spark cooled to an ash and blew away.

Dennis Gibson

CHARTRES

Two spires, unique yet graceful counterparts
Swing high and clear, fly free above the plain.
Majestic thrusts of loveliness again
and once again rise up in eager flight,
speed swift and silent shafts toward heaven's light
Sharp signature discoveres, not in vain
man's claim of live and faith in Mary's reign.
"La reine majestueuse" who rules at Chartres.

Serene and lovely monument of light,
bear witness to an age of honest love.
In bursts of sapphire glimmerings the bright
gold gems of glass rise loftily above.
A symphony of regal stone takes flight,
and inner vision sings in Mary's sight.

Sister Virginia May C.S.J.

THE PARK

Children laugh, playing
in parks, blow dandelions
like birthday candles.

Sandboxes draw kids
like pilgrims to holy shrines,
rebuilding yesterday's castles.

Swings crying out in pain,
protesting too many
summers take their toll.

Robins playing tag.
Dogs chasing squirrels and birds,
Owners stroll behind.

Lonely discarded old men,
sitting like bronzed monuments
on faded park benches.

What brings them to these
useless sentinel posts?
What do they see behind
vacant lifeless eyes?

Fetes of yesterday are all
that they remember. The past
is yet alive, giving life
to calcified limbs.

Pigeons come to pay
homage to these long ago
heroes waiting to die
unsung, remembered for nothing.

Tomorrow some will not
return to their vigils in
the park. Their job done
they leave room for others.

Ruth Benjamin

TOMORROW'S FORECAST: NO CHANGE

The first thing that Dan saw when he pulled around the building was Larry's red sailboat in the southeast corner of the parking lot. The boat was the first thing that everyone saw as they drove around the corner of the building. With the boat's red body outshouting the black asphalt of the parking lot's surface and the ruddiness of the winter caked cars the craft just had to be the first thing to meet the eye.

The second sight to register in Dan's mind was Larry sitting with his legs crossed on the boat's deck. Dan parked in the space nearest the boat and climbed out asking, "Surf up?"

Larry turned to him from his perch atop the craft. "Only in my head."

"Then why are you out here in thirty degree weather sitting on top of a sailboat?" Dan asked as he approached the boat and its apparent captain. "Have you gone over the edge or what?"

"Just sailin', man. Just sailin'." Larry looked up at a grey sky through the leafless branches of an overhanging tree as he spoke. He imagined leaves for the tree, wash jobs for the cars in the lot around him, blue for the sky that seemed to hang at ceiling height, and the color of summer for the ir. The boat's redness was the only real color in sight when his eyes and mind once again connected.

"Don't you think you're rushing the season a bit?" Dan turned so that the wind wouldn't be hitting him head on.

"I only wish I **could** rush the season. Am I ever tired of this crap. I want to be out on the water with the sun attacking me from every direction." Larry closed his eyes so he could see his words come to life.

"Did you call Wanda?" Dan wanted to know.

"Yea. She's going on down to her brother's for the weekend since it's not supposed to snow. It looks like I get the shaft and get left without a date for the night." Larry shook his head in self-pity and climbed down from the boat.

"So, what are you gonna do?" Dan put his hands in his pockets and hunched his shoulders a little higher against the wind. He began walking towards the apartment knowing Larry was ready to give up on the boat for a while.

"I guess I'll call Janice. Talk about 'old reliable,' she'd come if both her legs were broken." Larry ignored the freezing weather as they walked. His mind was still filled with white sails, water, and sun.

"Don't you feel the least bit bad about the way you treat her?" Dan knew Larry didn't feel badly.

"The way I treat her? I don't treat her at all. She knows exactly how she stands with me. We're very good friends and I care very much for her. I just don't love her and she knows it. If I were lying to her or just keeping her hanging on then I would have a reason to feel bad." Larry was being philosophical rather than defensive.

"Do you go to bed with all your friends?" Dan was still trying to make his point.

"You want to put in a request, friend?" Larry prodded. "Even though you're not my type we may be able to work something out."

"You savage," Dan lisped.

Larry unlocked the door and entered the apartment. "We ought to get some new stuff for the walls or something. This place is beginning to look tired."

"Yea. A change wouldn't hurt," Dan noted as he headed for the refrigerator.

"Maybe we should go look for some posters this afternoon," Larry suggested as he took a can of beer from Dan's outstretched hand.

"You gonna call Janice first?" Dan's question was more of a harrassment than anything else.

"I guess so." Larry took a drink from his can and made a face. He didn't like beer all that much but he drank it because everybody else did. He sat the can down and dialed the number from memory.

"Hi, Lady. What's happening? Yea? You doin' anything tonight? Why don't you head on over here about 7:30? Dan and Ginger will be here and we'll play some cards and do some serious drinkin'. Right. See you later." Larry hung up the phone and walked over to the window.

"She gonna come over?" Dan mumbled from the kitchen where he was opening another can of beer.

"Of course she is." Larry stared out at the little red oasis in the parking lot. "Of course she is . . ."

DENNIS GIBSON

INTROSPECT

Drink! Drink Down, Drink Deep.
When you think, you drink deep down;
When you drink down deep, you think.

Your mind is loose
Like light beams in space
On an infinite race
Through the void of the past
With occasional clash
In a splash with planets
Inhabited by Monsters of Memories
Living in billions of cells
Whose only feast
Is the food of thought
That is sent, not sought,
From the five or ten homes of the Senses.

Ten or five fine families
Who feed the Monsters
Day in, day out
Without falter or failure
Their purpose--to serve,
The Monsters--to eat.

And as for these Monsters
These Monsters called Memory,
They're born from thoughtless seeds
Planted deep in the banks
Of Consciousness Stream
Where they nourish and flourish
Day in and day out
On nutrients poured in upstream
By the families of five or ten Senses.

As you live, drink down, drink deep.

George J. Thomas

FAR-OUT

Floating along on obscuring clouds
An aimless wanderer in life
Floating toward an illusive dream
That can never be because
The cause affects reality.

You don't know what it's all about?
It's about all you don't know, that's what.
It's all about to make me sick:
Highs can make anyone sick:
From there, you see too much.
What's the point?
You get high to get down
But once you're there
No one's around but phanthoms
And unheard-of anthems,
Audio-visio spooks who rape
The thoughtful mind
A once virgin mind that bears
Illigitimate pleasures far-out.

George J. Thomas

WINTER ILLUSIONS

The morning light spreads a harsh glow over the snow.
Alone and cold I trudge to my destination--
remembering him and the warmth of last winter.
Just ahead he stalks.
His tall masculine silhouette
hunched in a light worn jacket.
I hurry on, eyes downcast.
Hope-filled, I look up to follow him,
then reluctantly realize the illusion has gone;
but still stampedes my mind...
chills my emotions...
bruises me...
attacks me with the winter.

Joy Huber

SEA SCOUT

I have but waded in the shallows of the oceans of your mind, and a wader I have never been content to be for I am a sailor who would challenge the sea so that I may share the wonders that she may possess.

Some fear the water, but this is to fear life itself for life began in the seas. Even though the waters of one sea may be cold and laced with undertows so as to breed fear do not be afraid to try the waters of every ocean and sea until you find the one that brings the warmth of the early summer sun, the clarity of a spring raindrop, the tranquility of a winter night's fire, and the brightness of the brilliant autumn leaves.

DENNIS GIBSON

HOME MOVIES

I turn out the light and as darkness presses into each corner of the room I flick the switch that begins my mind's projector rolling. The staccato clicking of memory's film threading through my brain's machinery fills my ears from the inside out. Your picture is thrown brightly against the blankeness of a far wall. As I see your face appear I note that I am never able to fully capture your innocent lovliness in my mind.

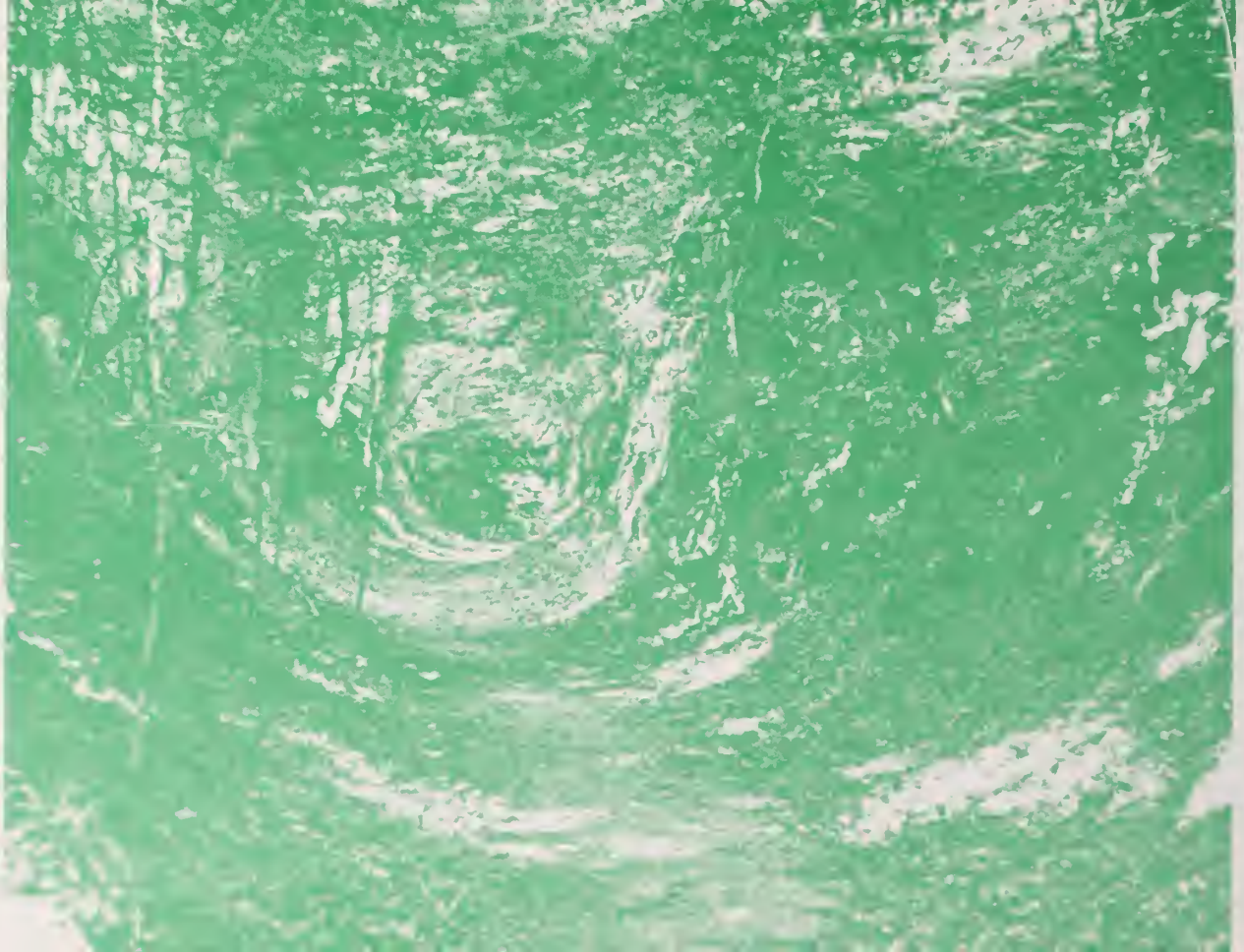
You smile and laugh while standing in the midst of an ocean of deep green grass as the wind plays childhood games in your hair.

You gaze in serious contemplation at the redness of the fading sun as the sky begins to close around you.

You run towards me with every hope, joy, and gladness that I have ever experienced pictured in your eyes . . .

The film snaps and, as always, you were but a step away from reaching me. I close my eyes and remember that I am alone.

DENNIS GIBSON



DAYS OF THE SEASONS

Cold days
Snow days
Quiet days
Sad days
Rainy days
Winter days
Bitter days
..Depressing days

Warm days
Lively days
Windy days
..Chatterdays
Shower days
Tearful days
Spring days
Caring days

Hot days
Sunny days
Fussy days
..Wanting days
Bright days
Summer days
Honest days
..Lazy days

Cool days
Renewal days
School days
Worry days
Dim days
..Boredom days
Autumn days
Peaceful days

Mary Jo Westermier

DREAM

music
Music
MUSIC!

Rushing through my head

Five years have I been silent
Living as the dead.

I left a crumpled dream behind
Giving up the fight
Suddenly it's here again
Glowing with new life.

Confidence is rising now
Hope is growing strong
A dream long dead and buried
Has come into its own.

THE LADDER

Climbing
up to
touch the sky,
to see
my Father's
face.
Each step
before and
after, is
harder
than this
place.

Barbara A. Baker

SHE TREE

I loved her for such a long time, and I loved her hard.
She loved me.
I knew of her love by the loving things she did to me—for me—
but she would never let me inside and she could never let
herself out.

I loved a tree because it was green.
Green is my favorite color.
The tree would sing to me when I came with the wind at my back.
I listened to the song that told of nature's joy, but I was
saddened by the knowledge that I could never be one with
the tree or it with me.

She should have been a tree.

Dennis Gibson

THE MINING COMPANY

The time had finally come. Ennis looked up from the console and nodded. Garth stepped into the transporter and Ennis pressed the button which sent him on his way.

Garth materialized about two feet from his target who looked up from his seat in complete disbelief that the very image of himself had suddenly appeared next to him. Garth smiled down at the Earthling as he pointed his weapon and fired. Garth flushed the now unoccupied toilet and stepped into the next room to finish the morning ritual which had been begun by a man who no longer existed.

It had all seemed so easy--taking the place of the most important man on the planet, but Garth knew just how much effort had been exerted to make the last few moments happen.

The observation unit had worked from the mining base on the fourth planet in the star system--the one the Earthlings called Mars. The unit had spent a considerable amount of time in recording and analyzing the movements and actions of the target. The information was given to the learning unit so that they could be transfered to Garth in his becoming the target's double.

The shortest, but most difficult, operation was the medical team's reconstructing Garth's physical appearance to match the target's. The team had done an excellent job, even down to the reproduction of the target's fingerprints.

The cost had been tremendous. Ennis and Garth had to pay for a license to set up a mining operation on Mars as a cover operation. Men had to be hired who had the needed skills, would travel to Mars for the operation, and would submit to memory alteration after their part in the plan was completed. The memory altering device was used by psychiatrists to alter patients' memories of tramatic experiences. The easiest man to find was a none too honest doctor with an available machine. The doctor did not have to know what memory he was altering, just what he was altering the patient to remember in the future. The men had all been made to believe that they actually were a part of a mining operation on Mars after their roll in the plan had been completed.

Garth and Ennis had gone to such expense and effort to assure that no one other than themselves would know about the plan after it had gone into effect. If it were leaked that they were disobeying the Federation directive of noninterference by having direct contact with an inhabited planet it would mean death for both of them.

Garth dressed and began going over his actions in his mind. His arrival had been timed to allow him to make the most of the political crisis taking place on this planet which was so bent on fighting with itself. He knew that as President of the United States he had a public address to make today and he would use the opportunity to condemn the actions of the opposition block and continue to do so in such a way as to provoke action to which he must retaliate. Even though the Earthlings had not yet managed interplanetary travel they had developed weapons which were quite capable of destroying all the inhabitants of the planet. With his help they would destroy themselves and he and Ennis could move the mining operation to Earth and be among the wealthiest men in the Federation.

The morning went smoothly. Garth spent most of it in the President's office going over and changing the speech which had been written for the man in who's place he sat. He left shortly before midday for the flight to the city in the south part of the country where he was to give his speech. The President's wife was waiting for Garth as he left the plane. She had been in the city for two days as the guest of the state governor's wife. The governor, his wife, the First Lady, and Garth rode in a single car of a motorcade to the luncheon where the President was to speak.

Ennis was quite content to tune in a radio broadcast from Earth as he knew that the event would be covered by the media and it was much simpler than trying to follow Garth's movements with his own equipment. At interplanetary distance there was rather precise adjustments that needed to be made to follow something as small as one humanoid. Ennis was glad that he had not had to do all the observing for the early part of the project. It was just too difficult.

Testing his equipment to see how well he would be picking up the Earth broadcast Ennis sat and listened to the noise that he knew was supposed to be music. How could they call that music? Just as the question formed in Ennis' mind he heard, "Bulletin: The President has just been shot and killed while motorcading to a speech in . . .

. . .

TRIBUTE DUE AND DONE

George J. Thomas

Three days I have waited
Sorrow coiled, breath bated,
For the drag of grief to release
My mind
To peace of mind
And ingressive stoic sense.

Three days it has been
Since Steve's departure from kin
And since he was my friend
I spend this time
In pensive rhyme
Seeking elegy.

A sweeter soul has never existed
Tho' the Will of God, seemingly vine and twisted,
Chose to squeeze Steve's path--Jesus Christ! It was Friday!
The same day He knew He had forsaken Him for me.
But now Blake, as we used to call him,
Blossoms in a patch more fertile than this one
As a bud on the branch of a tree
In the weald of eternal humanity.

RADIO ACTIVITY-FUTURISTIC MODE

...This fatal reminder has been brought to you, buy and buy, by M-A-N man, makers of quality early warning systems and the confusion that necessitates making them. No need to adjust the emotion control knobs on your living room telelife monitors. We do that for you, right here from our station. And do you know what that means? Listen you listening audience, you don't know what that means obviously because we haven't told you yet. So, we're going to tell you. (cough) You, the listening participants of the telelife network, are hereby proclaimed free of any emotional involvement with anything, be it man, beast, plant, environment, or conviction. Just sit back, relax, and listen to the following indoctrination: beep..beep..beep..beep..beep..beep..beep..beep...(to the nth power)

GEORGE J. THOMAS

COMPUTER CONTROLLED

Beast of plastic and steel sing your mechanical song to me.
Blink your multicolored hypnotic eyes so that I may see
The monster created by men that now forms their destinies.

Dennis Gibson

WINTER

Sleigh bells ring
Children laugh and sing
Building a six foot snowman
Snow plastered clothing
From snowball fighting
Grandma smiling
Rocking her chair
Watching children playing
Mothers yelling
About catching colds
Dads complaining
About starting the car
Skiers gliding and trembling
Down snowy mountains
Cars sliding
Off icy streets
Ice skaters
Covering lakes and ponds
Icicles hanging
From building's edges
Ice and snow clinging...

Mary Jo Westermier

SNOWFLOWER

I saw a snowflower that had blossomed
In a whiter glory than I had ever
Imagined. I picked the flower and
Held it close to me, but my warmth
Caused it to melt in my adoring hands.

Dennis Gibson

TO A PRETTY LADY

If a lifetime were but a day long
Then the hours I have shared with you
Would have been but a moment.
Perhaps this time would be the moment
When the first star of the evening
Graces the not yet dark sky; or
The fleeting flash of time when one
Sees every color of the fading summer sun
On the unreachable horizon; or
The tick of the clock when one awakens
To feel the warmth of a new day
Settle on the edge of a still
Sleeping mind. Whatever moment
This time would be, it would be
Marked by quiet beauty and the
Calmness of contentment.
Thank you for bringing this moment
Into the life of my day.

Dennis Gibson

PATTERNS

ONE

Here we come!
Altogether in a mad mad rush
for the big big prize
with a BANG!

Go little spheroids
and play your games.
Daddy'll watch. Go on!

So...here we go!
Run, run, run run run to the top of the hill!
Go! Go!! Go!!!

But, HEY!

Where's Daddy?

TWO

HEY!!

Walk...
Walk...
Walk...

It's no fun to walk anymore.

Gotta come...gotta go.
Gotta
Walk...
Walk...
Walk...

Watch a star
any maybe hear a fizz
and then a...POP!

But then I gotta walk...
and walk...
and walk...

THREE

If I live to be a thousand
I'll never know why.

I eat,
and drink
and hear
and touch
and walk
and crunch
and squoosh
and sneeze
and sweat
and wash
and cough
and laugh
and cry
and wait...
and die...

I'll just never understand it.

If this were Jerusalem or
Maybe Monte Carlo I'd know why.
But damn it, I just can't stay and wait
for another gray Wednesday

You're who??

FOUR

Maybe I'll rest a minute here.
No point in hurrying,
that's what I say.
We'll all get there sometime, I guess.
Why be so "gung-ho" about it all?

It's really not so bad here.
Some green--a little blue,
a swallow of fresh water
under a hot yellow sun.

So why not? I mean,
Why not stay?
Right here, where it's cooler?

Oh, hell! I'd better get along.
I'd better...go SOMEPLACE.

FIVE

Oh, the happy "realness" of it all!
There are no jokes, no playing with that foolishness.
There is only
My Truth.

It is shivering cold,
and naked.
It is wracked, slashed, clubbed
With the pains of a brute world,
but it breathes.

It pulls forward,
My light in an ice-gray jumble of rocks.

Live, Truth!

Tears will freeze
and I'll forget the bruises;
Time need not kill.

Inspired by a first viewing of Beckett's
Waiting for Godot.
Mary Ann Shirley Fairchild

SPRING SURROUNDINGS

As I sit on the front steps of our old white frame house looking at all the lonely land surrounding me I notice the arrival of spring. The fesque is a lovely bright green beginning its long growth towards combining. The cattle and hogs wallowing in the thick sticky mud and cloudy brown water of the two familiar ponds was a perennial sign of the warm temperature. The many kinds of grasses with their varied shades of green hail the wind as they bend, intermingling with the yellow dandelions. The trees are budding their first leaves of the season while a strong gust of wind sways the branches. The charolais-bred cattle nibble at the little weeds which are trying very hard to grow. The warm wind has dried the muddy gravel road so now it can be traveled without leaving many tracks. The blooming daffodils blow gently and freely in the breeze full of motion during a stronger gust. The birds are chirping, welcoming the long awaited warm weather. They seem to beg the warm to stay.

As I stare up our brown gravel road a quarter mile I see several tired and worn farm buildings beside the Missouri Pacific Railroad tracks. Dilthey's old barn stands proudly against the horizon even though its red paint is cracked and only brown weather beaten wood remains exposed to the view of passer-bys. The barn windows empty of glass show that the barn has been unused for years. The shed was no longer in use, with its tin roofing rusty and torn apart by old age, having survived many tornadoes. The roof on the old building is nearly gone. The old farm house, with white paint weathered away with time, stands lonely among the other sad, yet proud buildings. Its porch has fallen in. The screens are rusty and brown. The trees surrounding the house are dismally bare and still lonely waiting Spring's quickening touch. None have started to blossom and their once lovely branches have fallen or been broken by the strong winds.

The clothesline in front of where I sit droops low, the clothes nearly touch the ground as they dry. One of the silver painted and rust eaten poles stands with a support Each pole surrounds with tall green grass in need of trimming.

The sky overhead where I sit has been constantly changing the last thirty minutes. White and gray puffy clouds are soaring swiftly across the sky from the southwest direction. Some are low and fluffy like a puff of smoke. The gray to blue, storm and wind clouds have repeatedly concealed the sun's warm rays. The clouds are threatening, yet, harmless. They, as humans, are often in a hurry, not taking a precious moment to give any recognition to life surrounding them, just traveling through time unaware

MARY JO WESTERMIER

FLY AND I

There's a fly at the window's sill
Neither buzzing or bugging but crawling
Lacking past skill
Minus the will
He's dying.

When I think how I wouldn't think twice
About swatting him down, damn it to hell,
The reason appalls me: To take his life
Because his buzzing bugs me, inferior creatures fly's all.

But now in his hour, I see my flaw
Now that his buzzing is stilled,
Replaced by silence and slow moving action
We all must die, he's dying.
No more dying, he's dead.

George J. Thomas

NO WAY TO LOVE

Love love lost love
Killing me with soft sorrow
Tomorrow I'll find a new love
She'll kill my sorrow tomorrow
She'll come to me and say
"How do you do, my apartment's
down the street and I love you."
I'll go to her and say
"Okay babe, I'll go away with you
We'll be in love
You with me
And me with you
We'll embrace each other
And squeeze our sorrows away
So much to accomplish
With so little to say.
And the irony of it all
Is that tomorrow's another day.

George J. Thomas

A NOSE

A nose is a common thing.
From all indications, we are led to believe that.
Whether it be man or beast
each face is indicated by a nose
that points the way
this way and that
and sometimes straight ahead.

George J. Thomas

FOUR WALLS, BLUE

Four walls, blue
One ceiling, white
One floor, tiled
A thousand lonely nights.
One window, framed
One brown door
One bed
One girl
Nothing more.

I lay and look
From my bed
Then the pounding's
In my head.

At first a few thoughts
Filter through
It's coming, why!
What can I do?

It starts out quietly enough
A throb, a pulse
Nothing much

Then it becomes
An explosive tick!
Rising! Rising to its peak!

Suddenly, I scream!
The bomb explodes
I think again.

Four walls, blue
One ceiling, white
One floor, tiled
A thousand lonely nights.

Barbara A. Baker

GLORIA

She is a woman,
Yet, she is a child.
The seeds she planted in my mind
Suddenly started to grow wild.
To harvest the fruits
I strained body and soul,
But I found that over future crops
I shall never have control.

Dennis Gibson

BARTER

Fair trade.
A command performance
Rates a letter of
Commendation
Recommendation or
the Alphabet.
Depending on how long
the actor can
survive.
Studies show:
Puppets
generally are more
Efficient . . .
Productive . . .
and require less maintenance than
People . . .

so
pull
my
string.

Lori Cackler

Twenty-four hours after he had promised to forego food, women, and other similar dissipatory indulgences Chuck went down to the corner drugstore to devour a butterscotch sundae, two ice cream sandwiches, a chocolate milkshake, and a package of cookies.

In the drugstore he saw a new girl. She was an eyeful sitting down and an eyeful when she stood up and two eyefuls when she walked.

He paid his check and left. She was heading north, which was within 180 degrees of the direction he had planned to take anyway. He hoped her stride would be a little more casual. He couldn't overtake her for almost a block.

"Hello," he said. "Going my way?"

He intended it to be a dumb crack. It usually gave the girls a chance to say, "What do you think?" or something equally devastating. This one did not say a word. She merely turned her head, waved her long lashes at him, and continued determinedly on course.

"If you were lost," Chuck ventured, "I could tell you where you are. I've lived here for years."

She didn't waver.

He was beginning to feel ridiculous, although not quite ridiculous enough to give up.

"On the left is the Wilson residence," he said. "It's been the Wilson residence ever since Mr. Wilson bought it. Their daughter is high class stuff, but the boys are greasy. You are now passing a vacant lot. We call our lots vacant until someone builds a house on them. If I were you I wouldn't stop."

She didn't. She had a graceful figure and a cute, tip-tilted nose. In spite of the brush-off, Chuck's ear tickled. His ear always tickled when a romantic spell came on.

"I wonder why women don't like me," he thought aloud. "I've rid myself of the greasy kid's stuff. I bet that--"

It was strictly a one sided wager. She did an abrubt about face. Chuck, his mouth clutching air, watched her disappear into a long, rambling house. He sighed.

At least he knew who she was, however. Her last name must be Mason. The Masons had rented the old Thomas place. This was, at least, some consolation. Chuck needed it. She didn't glance back.

At dinner that night his mother said, "I'm glad that you're feeling better. But you don't look well, Chuck. You can't miss meals and not show it."

"Perhaps he's in love again," his father chuckled.
"Have you made up with Margaret?" his mother asked.
"Margaret!" Chuck snorted. "That PRUNE!"
"Charles!" gasped his mother.
"Our youth moves fast," commented the elder Surface.
"I have a new girl now," Chuck announced bluntly.
"Really?" said Mrs. Surface. "Who is it this time?"
"Miss Mason."
"I am happy it s a miss," said Mr. Surface. "...Ah...what's her first name?"
"She was introduced to me as Miss Mason."
"Oh, then you must be Mr. Surface," his father retorted.
"You don't know her first name," said his mother. "Is that it?"
Chuck arose with dignity. "When you reach my age," he said irritably, "you don't generally get forward with people you just meet."
The next day Chuck borrowed his father's white pants, dug a battered tennis racket out of the attic, and went for a stroll. The stroll was so leisurely that five guys hooted at him--thre of them twice each because he had to circle one particular block. Eventually his patience bore fruit. He practiced vicious backhands until she drew abreast. Then he said, "Hello some more. We've met before, no doubt."
The meeting evidently had made scant impression. She swept past.
Chuck waited. He sat on a fire hydrant. He sat on the curb. He sat on the ground. Forty minutes elapsed before she came back.
Chuck immediately switched tactics. "I'm sorry," he said with humility. "I've been a fool, but I wanted to meet you. My name is Chuck--Chuck Surface. Your name is Mason, only I don't know the rest of it."
Her limpid blue eyes washed over him for a delicious instant. Chuck was losing his cool. He turned his face away, as if he was interested in something else. Needles and pins were sticking in him at forty to the dozen. After what seemed like ages, he turned to speak--and she was gone, not even leaving a word of good-bye.
Chuck continued to sit and think.
"I still don't know Miss Mason's first name. She could have at least written it down."

Chuck contemplated friends to call who could help him out. Almost all of his friends, however, were gone on vacation. After another eternity Chuck came up with an idea.

Chuck hadn't spoken to Webb Hastings for several weeks. There had been trouble over a girl. He swallowed his pride and called on Webb.

"Hiya," he said. "Let's go for a Coke."

Webb had three--on him--before they got down to business.

"You know the girl who lives back of you?" Chuck inquired casually.

"Which one?"

"The one who moved into the Thomas place."

"Supposing I did?"

Chuck flushed. He gripped the chair seat so hard that a couple of wads of gum came off. He maintained, with effort, a civil tongue.

"If you did maybe I could meet her."

"Meet her yourself," said Webb belligerently. "You're the Burt Reynolds of Parma!"

The proprietor proved an unreasonable man. He objected to fist fights near his candy case. He threw Chuck out. At that, Chuck didn't feel too badly. Webb had been thrown out first.

Chuck considered other prospective sponsors. Again, since most of his crowd was out of town for the summer, the pickin's were slim. Finally, after great inner urging, he looked up Jennie Frost. She had buck teeth and giggled whenever the subject got off algebra.

"Jennie," he said. "I've always kind of liked you."

Jennie giggled.

"The next time we fix up a hay ride I'm going to see that you get on it. As a matter of fact there's one being planned right now. All we need is another girl. Do you know any new ones?"

Jennie shook her head.

Chuck ignored the setback. "What about the one in the Thomas place?"

"Anita Mason? She won't go."

"Why not?"

"She doesn't like you," giggled Jennie. "She says you're too callow."

"Listen, Jennie," he said earnestly. "I'm not callow. If it were during the school term I could prove I'm not. She'd see me in class meetings or basketball or the school plays. She'd realize I take life seriously."

To his relief Jennie didn't giggle. Instead she wrinkled her forehead and spoke with profound wisdom. "When people get the wrong impressions of people it's hard to change them. Anita thinks you don't have any depth. You ought to make some grand gesture. Show her you have sincerity and purpose."

Chuck appreciated Jennie's brain for the first time. He previously had rather admired her facility in squaring and cubing roots, although he hadn't seen much sense in it. Now he saw what thinking could do.

Walking home Chuck weighed various types and styles of grand gestures. If he could rescue a baby, or even a dog, from some precarious predicament Anita would understand him better. However, experience had taught him that babies and dogs ordinarily don't live too dangerously.

Still brooding, he came opposite Fitch's Floral Shoppe. A sign in the window read: "Flowers, the Lover's Language of All Ages." The message inspired him.

"Dad," he said at the dinner table that evening, "will you advance me money for mowing the lawn and cleaning the car? I figure it will come to eighteen dollars."

"Wait a minute, Son. Remember you only have to mow twice this month."

"What do you want the money for?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I have to buy a gift."

"For a girl?"

"Well, kind of."

"I should say not!" exclaimed his mother. "Besides, it wouldn't be eighteen dollars, all tolled, counting this month."

Mr. Surface pursed his lips. "Come to think of it," he said, "this may be a rainy month."

Chuck had eleven dollars in the bank prior to closing the account. With eighteen plus eleven he marched bravely into Fitch's. A new girl stood back of the counter. She had slanty eyebrows and a wide, warm smile. He concentrated on Anita.

"Twenty-nine dollars of orchids," he announced.

The girl stared at him, unbelieving. Finally she said, "Wow!" For a small word it held a lot of meaning. Chuck sensed her awe and admiration.

"Send them to Miss Anita Mason on Dover Street," he said grimly.

"Wow," she retorted with a different connotation. This one was like a caress. "Twenty-nine dollars!"

Chuck gulped. As cold, impersonal money it hadn't seemed like much; translated into flury tones, it seemed like a fortune. He laid a wad of bills on the counter. Then he looked at the girl. It was like looking at the Northern lights. She seemed to grow dreamy and bright-eyed all at the same time.

"What's your name?" he asked huskily.

"Maureen," she said.

Chuck scratched his ear. It was beginning to tickle.

JOHN LENHART

OF LOVE AND PEANUTS

Love is like peanuts. After the first taste it is hard to stop.

Dennis Gibson

CIRCLE

When the black velvet of the sky
shimmers with the secret of Spanish silver,

And the moon, with remembered delight of eternity
smiles behind Florentine gossamer,

When the birch and pine stand alone
in the evening mist
like solitary figures of faded silk
from some time-worn tapestry,

And the lake lures to unfathomable darkness
inviting the delicate rippling touch,

Then, within the circle of midnight,
the Myth will disrobe,
scattering symbols,
and offer us Truth and Love.

Mary Ann Shirley Fairchild

Dreaming
through grassy
flowing hills
of cheerful
smiling daisies

Dreaming
in the sparkling
blue waters
of hidden streams

Dreaming
in the plush
cool carpet
of deserted fields

Gazing
into eyes filled with love
overflowing
and deep.

Moving
toward the home of our love
where our lives
..will be shared

Gently,
softly,
sweetly,
Dreaming...

Doris Davis

REQUISITION

She has said, "Give me a year or two (or three)
Until I get my mind in tune with the rest of my life."
If she were to ask for dollars and cents,
For jewels, for furs, for precious metals, for the
Status symbols by which we, as a society live,
Perhaps I could make some or all of them hers;
But to ask for me to give up such a precious commodity
As time (not to share but give) is too
Great a requisition for me to fill.

Dennis Gibson

SEE MYSELF

Touch you again?
Kiss you again?

You're gone
Out of touch

Need your smiles
Come back again

You made me
See myself

Know myself
Who I am

You wakened me
To love and give

Make things right
Make me happy again

Mary Jo Westermier

THE RAIN

Tiny drops of rain
seep through my shelter
and I discover loneliness again.
My warm, cozy nest has become damp
with you.
The sound of each drop
krr-plunking
repeats your voice
and the newly formed puddle
reflects your image.
I must patch my shelter again tomorrow
You are so far away---
each drop only makes me want you more.
Yes, tomorrow, I must patch my shelter.

Joy Huber

Unlike a planted seed—
I can choose my place to grow.

Sharon Cheers

FEARS

My mind reels as my heart feels the pain of love for you
My soul aches as myself rakes my brain for what to do
My palms sweat and I will bet that I cure by deep blue
My feet run from what you've done as the lure starts anew

My mind knows that where she goes my heart will surely be
My life dies as I hear cries that start to swell in me
My voice cracks as I fight back the tears so she won't see
My fears are like daytime stars hiding in the sea

Dennis Gibson

ANOTHER THOUGHT, ANOTHER PLACE

A thought of mind just a point in time
But how many other thoughts
of other beings
have held that same point
in their own point of Appointed time.

So here I am on my appointed stone
alive and quite unalone
looking not at vastly earthly horizons
but a step higher above and beyond
feeling not the pain or insane malice
that commonly comes to come and get us.

George J. Thomas

HAIKU

A bit of starshine
To lighten the long long trail
Beams of hope and love

Mary Jo Westermier

Sitting on a grey cloud
Watching the masses,
Remembering the time
I walked in the crowd;
Sensing their happiness,
Knowing my grief.
Why do I sit here,
Has it all been worthwhile?

My mind is a muddle,
My body sits and waits.
I should have done something,
But not knowing how
To jump off my cloud and float
To the masses when my cloud
Was no longer in need of direction.

The end draws near
And still I float, watching,
Waiting to jump off
Or for the sun to break through.

Lady T

THE RING

The ring
you so gently placed upon my finger
was but a chaining bond;
a troth entwining me.
..For the moon is my mother,
the earth my father,
and my sister is the wind;
together we are inseparable, untamed,
restless--and free.
I cannot remain still
to wait on life's promises--
they are only mankinds' frivolous dreams
bound together by rings and fools.

Let me remain a part of my own universe
floating free with my sister--
my father holding me,
my mother guiding me,
as the sun lights our ways.
Nature and I are one.
We cannot be chained and owned,
nor tamed and bound.
Remove from me your strangling grasp.
Take back this ring.
Let us go to a meadow and sit--
I'll give to you the flowers
if you'll give to me
my
life.

Joy Huber

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT

The last time I saw her was on August 26, 1973. I remember the date because the next day was my birthday and the last thing she did was to give me the most personalized birthday gift that I have ever received.

"Since you have to work tomorrow I am going to give you your birthday present tonight. It's only a few hours early anyway," she stated in a matter-of-fact manner.

"How did you know that tomorrow is my birthday?" I didn't recall the subject ever having come up.

"Don't you remember the guessing game on the front porch when we were talking about astrology?" She seemed almost hurt that I might have forgotten a conversation that had taken place two or three months before.

"Yea, I guess I do. It only took you about fifteen trys to guess my birthday after I told you my astrological sign," I laughed.

"I never was too good at guessing games. In fact, I think they're kind of dumb," she rebuked in make believe anger at my teasing.

"I do too, but I didn't want you to get the impression that I was too mature for you. I am going to be twenty-five you know." I was still laughing and teasing her.

"Which brings us back to your present!" She forgot all about pretending to be angry.

"Right!" I came to attention. "Come across with the goods, Toots. What did you get me?"

"See the bow in my hair?" She pointed to the bow.

"Yea, but I don't think the color is right for me. It doesn't really go very well with my eyes," I quipped.

"Don't be dumb! The bow is always on the outside of the gift, right? You get me!" She smiled broadly.

"You? You're now my slave for life? Hey, can I sell you or return you for another size?" She really had me puzzled so all I could do was to make feeble attempts at jokes.

"Stop clowning, clown. We can start with a water saving shower--both of us together--and then onto fresh sheets which I will now put on your bed if you will be so kind as to get them for me." She had everything very well planned.

"You mean you really are giving me 'you' for my birthday?" I was completely stunned.

"Are you objecting?" She was surprised that I would even consider objecting.

"I think so." I really wasn't too sure about anything.

"Why?" She really couldn't believe that I would question her plans.

"You can't give yourself away." I was still trying to figure out just why she couldn't give herself away.

"Why not? You can't really make me believe that this isn't something you'd like. We haven't exactly been holding hands during those early morning hours, as you may recall." She was almost defensive in her manner.

"I recall. Believe me--I recall, and I do want you in a physical sense. There would just about have to be something wrong with me if I didn't, but you still can't just give yourself away. Those early morning hours that you mentioned were a bit too close to both of us giving ourselves away. First I'd work on you and then you'd work on me for a while. That isn't really my idea of satisfaction. The whole idea is to share--not to give or take. Can you see what I'm trying to say?" I must have been nearly pleading for her to understand.

"Sure. For your birthday I am going to share myself with you, and you can keep the bow. Now, where are those clean sheets?"

I suppose that my getting the sheets for her and trying no further to make her understand was the wrong thing to do, but maybe not because I know that she understands now just because of that night.

DENNIS GIBSON

PUDDLES

The high stepping splashing barefooted
squashing of a summer day

the mud worms between my toes
squish—squash—squish—squash

the rain falls freely upon my shoulders
the sun steams away the wetness
a Rainbow glows upon the air

the Rainbow falls and rebounds
the high stepping splashing barefooted
squashing of a summer day

Sharon Jacobs

Nothing human is shameful
except for unkindness, hatred,
and violence.

Sharon Cheers

TRACKER

I walked along the trail that her feet had made in the sand.
I followed the path over a dune where the wind had blown all traces away.
The only thing left to do was to return the way I had come.

Dennis Gibson

THE THOUGHT

A thought comes, a thought goes
like changing seasons and melting snows.

You look at a leaf and see veins
like capillary rivers on a topographical map.
No sooner does the analogy come then it goes
due either to outward distraction
or inner abstraction, factions
of outside environment
or inward enlightenment.

George J. Thomas

A CHILD ASKS

A child asks
"Where is God?"
How can I answer
Then I thought.

"Come with me."
We went outside
"Here is God"
..She looked, then cried.
"Where is he, I do not see.
Where is God?"

"God is life. Now
What life do you see?"
"I see a bird, I see a tree,
I see the sky and I see thee.
I don't see God! Where is he?"
"God is the bird, God is the tree,
God is the sky, and God is me.
For God we cannot see,
Except in what he did create.
And God made you and me,
As surely as he made the tree."

Then the child
With shining eyes
Gazed into mine
And replied.
"If God made you
And God made me.
Then dear God,
I do love thee!"

Barbara Baker

One solitary tree
in a lonely field—
It's branches gnarled and bare
clutch the sky.

In desolate gloom
as darkness descends—
With bent, tortured trunk
waits for the spring.

With trusting patience
through ice and snow—
Prays for the warmth
of the glowing sun.

Doris Davis

REPETITION

Each time I sit in your classroom
I feel a binding sense of permanence.
That which is constant remains the same.
Your injections run through all time and space
And I know that all things will pass.
Monday afternoons it brings security
But on Friday let me play young.

Jeanette Ginsburg

APRIL MORN

The sun laughs at the joke it is playing on my still sleep filled eyes. My clothes call to me from the hangers saying, "Take us out into the day and let us smile with you." Spring must be here at last.

Dennis Gibson

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